

10¢

WINTER ISSUE

No. 9

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# BLACKHAWK

IN

*Bait for a Death Trap!*

♪ HAWKAAA-AAA ♪



M. ARVANT





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# Learn MAGIC Overnight!

**BE THE MOST  
POPULAR  
FELLOW  
IN THE  
CROWD**



Imagine yourself in the center of a packed group of your friends. All are hushed, their eyes fastened on you and on the table of your side. Your hands pass lightly over the table . . . and before the unbelieving eyes of your admiring audience THE TABLE SLOWLY RISES BY ITSELF AND SEEMS TO FLOAT IN THE AIR.

The room rocks with applause. "How did he do it?" they gasp in wonder. And how did he do the dozens upon dozens of other magical stunts that people the world over have always wished they knew? The Dancing Handkerchief trick . . . The Disappearing Handkerchief . . . The Phantom Wand . . . Rubbing One Dime Into Three . . . The Bottomless Glass . . . these and countless others? YOU CAN DO ALL OF THESE TRICKS AND MORE! More than that you can learn to do them quickly and perform them before your worshipping friends just as expertly as a great magician on the stage. Here is your way to popularity. Here is your chance to have your friends cluster closely around you wherever you go as you thrill and delight them with the wonder of magic.

MAGIC IS FUN was published for fellows just like you to enable you to learn, simply and quickly, this fascinating art. AND YOU DON'T NEED EXPENSIVE GADGETS to perform a single one of the mystifying tricks jam-packed into this great book. A few coins, a table, a glass, a few sticks, some playing cards, etc. . . these and similar props are all you need to become THE MOST POPULAR FELLOW IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, a Real-Honest-To-Life Magician!

BLACKHAWK, formerly UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY, Winter, 1944, No. 6, Published quarterly by Comic Magazine, 3 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter July 22, 1941, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1979. The character and contents classified hereby are strictly fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Office, 413 Lexington Avenue, New York City, E. S. Mortley, Advertising Manager. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 665 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1944 by Comic Magazine. Printed in U. S. A.



MAGIC IS FUN COVERS EVERY TYPE OF TRICK PERFORMED BY THE AVERAGE MAGICIAN. Not only the sensational tricks that you see in the stage such as The Self-Rising Table, The Limited, Ring Handkerchief, The Bottomless Glass, The Watch which Shows and Goes on Command, The Hypnotized Wand, and dozens like them, but also all types of card tricks, coin tricks, etc. AND TO TOP IT OFF there are pages on How To Prepare Props, How to Set a Room in China as Art of Mystery, and How to Own the 100% of Professional "Palms" which so astoundingly seduce and awe you.

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- How to Tear a Cigarette and Restore It
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- The Magnetized Paker
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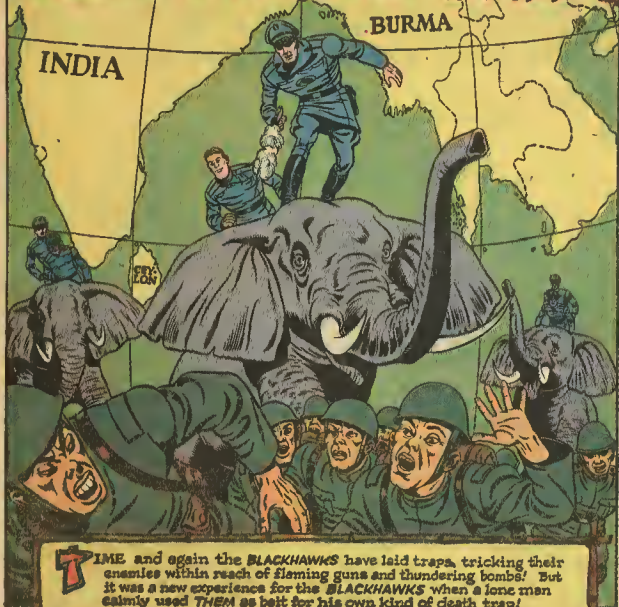
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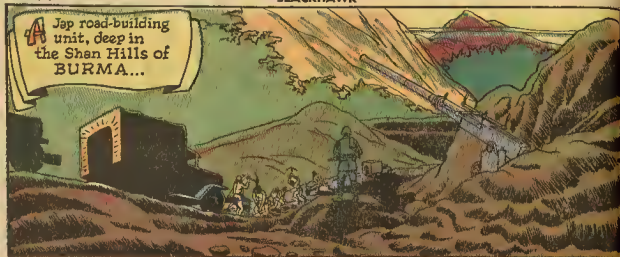
**WE GUARANTEE THAT YOU WILL BECOME A MAGICIAN OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

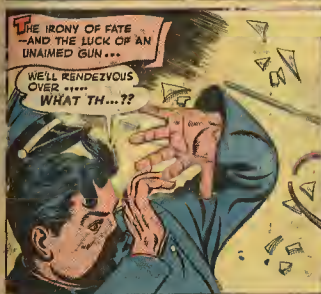
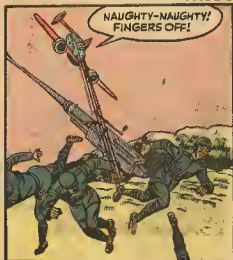
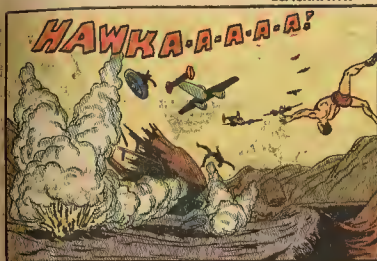
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# BLACKHAWK

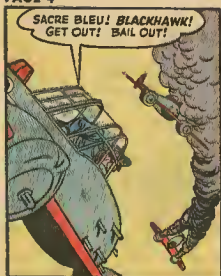


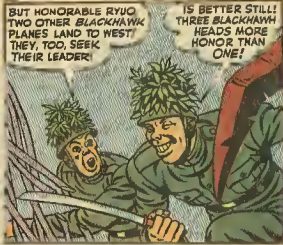
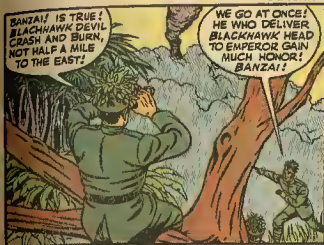
**T**IME and again the **BLACKHAWKS** have laid traps, tricking their enemies within reach of flaming guns and thundering bombs! But it was a new experience for the **BLACKHAWKS** when a lone man calmly used **THEM** as bait for his own kind of death trap! --a trap which loosed a herd of blood-mad tuskers to shake the savage earth and spatter the taskwood jungles with crimson!





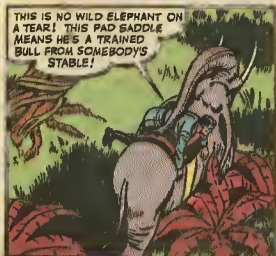
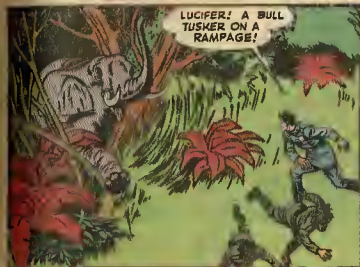
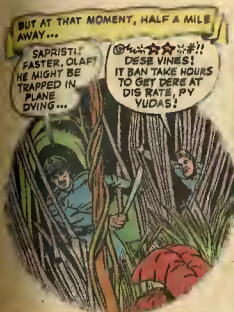




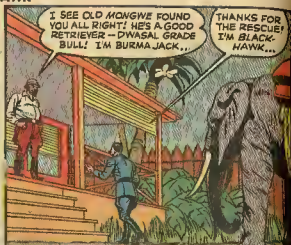


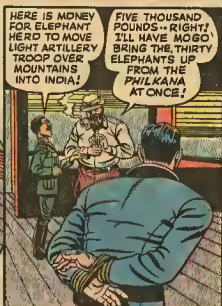
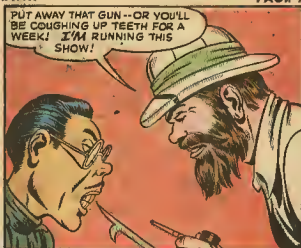
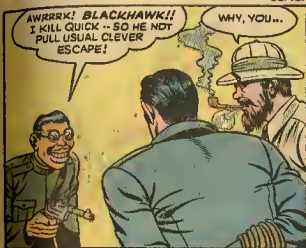




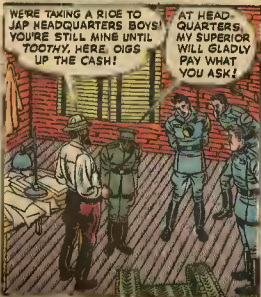
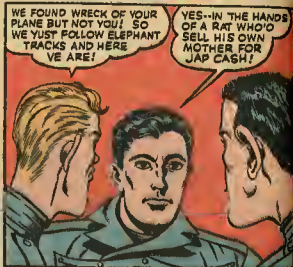
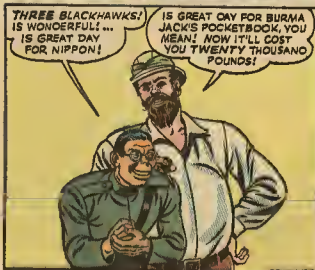
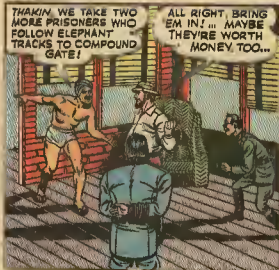


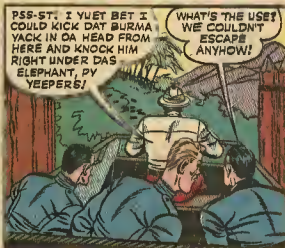
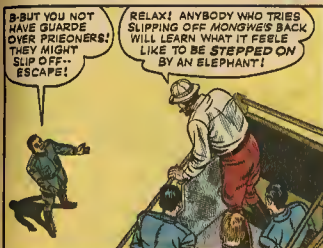
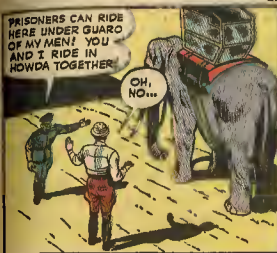




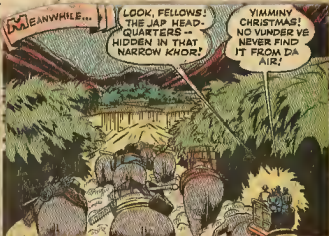
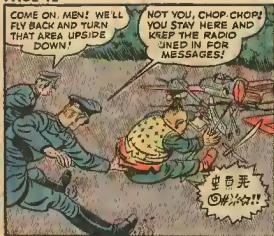


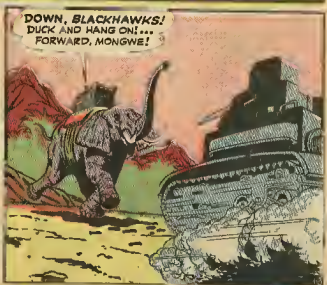
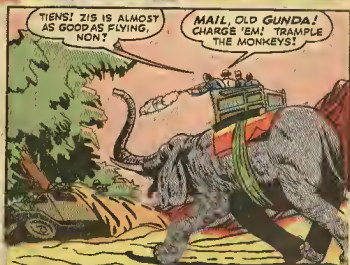
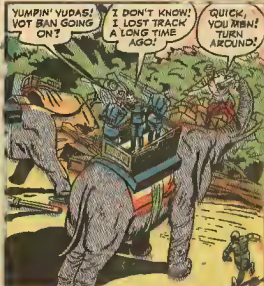




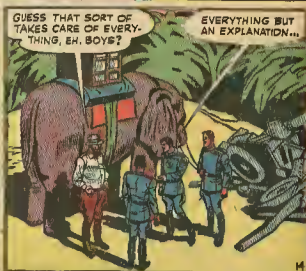
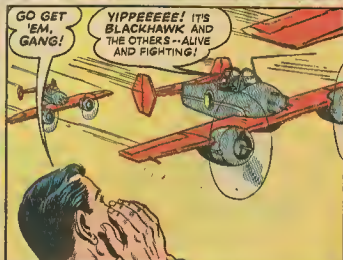
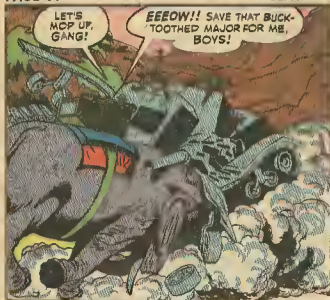


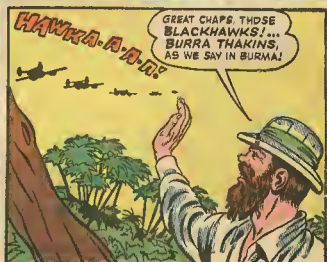
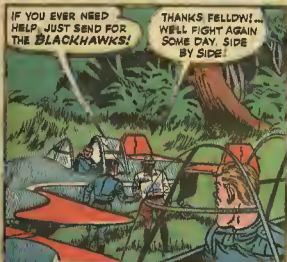














# BLACKHAWK



**BLACKHAWK** SCOUTING ABILITY LEARNED WHY THE JAPANESE FORTIFIED RERI ATOLL... **BLACKHAWK** SKILL AND DARING PLANNED THE SURPRISE RAID... **BLACKHAWK** PLANES HOW SMACK HOME!...



MAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!... OHHHH!

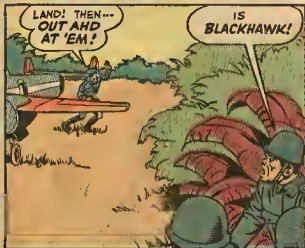
GUNS DIS-ABLED!

**HAWKA-A-A-A!**



LAND! THEN... OUT AND AT 'EM!

IS **BLACKHAWK!**



AY TANK THOSE YAPS GO TO PIECES, BY YIMMINY!

MERCI BEAUCOUP! ZE SWORD IS ZE GRAND WEAPON OF FRANCE!



HEY, JAPANESE! WAITEE FOR CHLOP-CHLOP!

QUICK--MUST BURN PAPERS!...

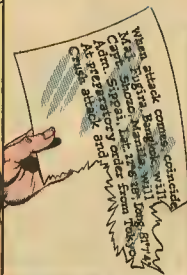


CHLOP. CHLOP LAUGHEE AT LOCKEESMITH!

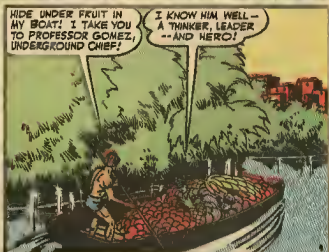
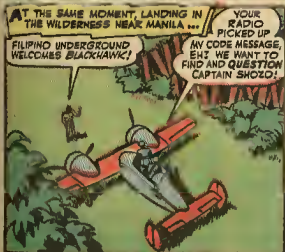


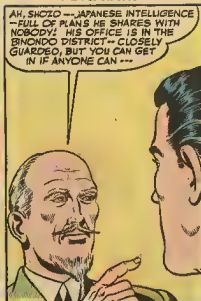
HOW THIS STRIKEE YOU?

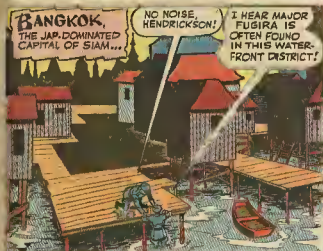






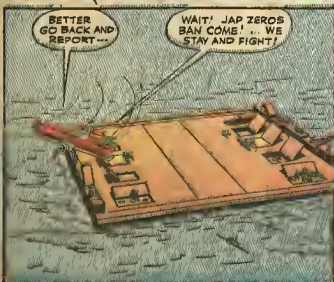
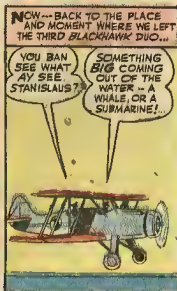
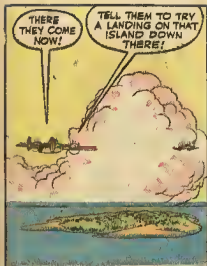


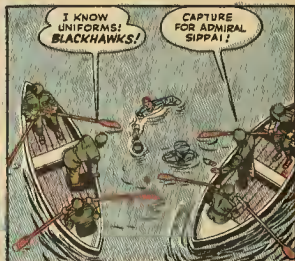
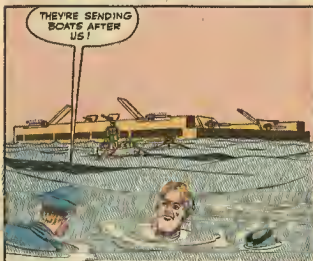
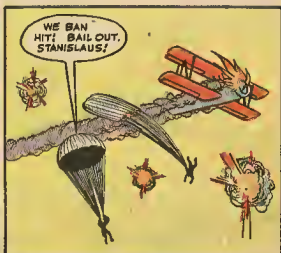
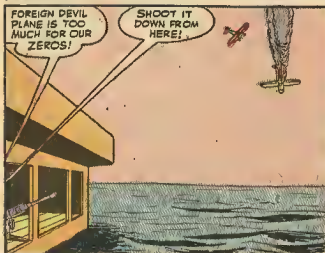














MORE JAPANESE SCIENCE! WE HARNESS FIRE OF VOLCANO --TURN ON OR OFF, TO MAKE OUR FORT MOVE LIKE ELEVATOR!

OUR FORCES CAN HANDLE THIS PLACE WHEN THEY FINISH WITH TOKYO, YOU BET!

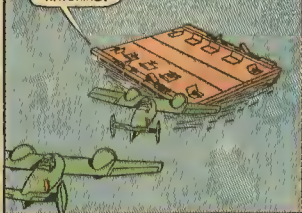
NO! WE HAVE BASE HERE TO GATHER PLANES AND SHIPS TO STRIKE YOU FROM **BEHIND!** FAKE RETREATS IN ASIA AND PACIFIC WILL DRAW YOU IN...

--THEN, WITH BIG FLEET AND PLANE ARMADA, WE HIT YOU HARD -- BLAST TRANSPORT LINES, COMMUNICATIONS! YOUR ATTACKING ARMY WILL BE CUT OFF!

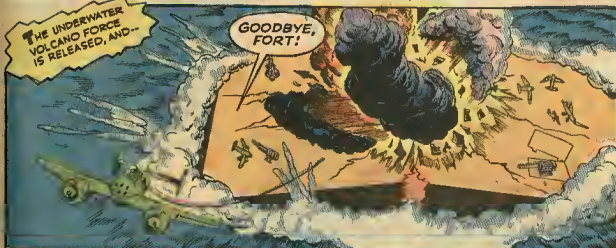
I TELL YOU --SO YOU WILL DIE IN **GREATER AGONY!** LET WHOLE GARRISON SEE **BLACKHAWKS TORTURED!**

HONORABLE ADMIRAL! TWO OF OUR PLANES APPROACH! SIGNALLING IMPORTANT NEWS!

DELAY TORTURE!--SO NEWCOMERS MAY ENJOY WATCHING!





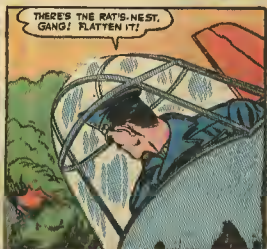
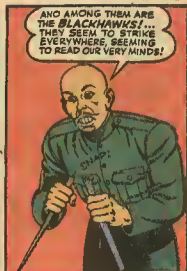


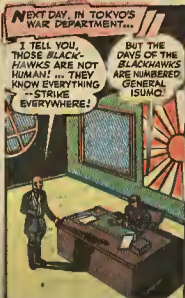


# BLACKHAWK

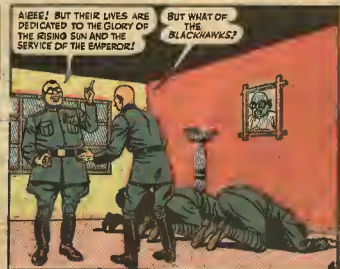
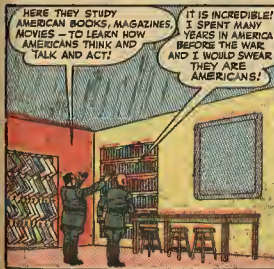
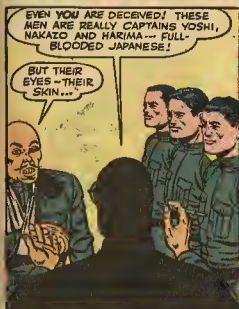
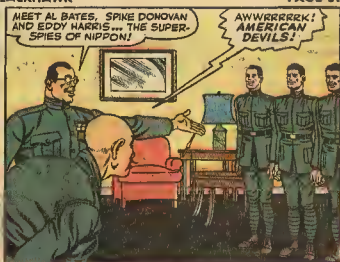
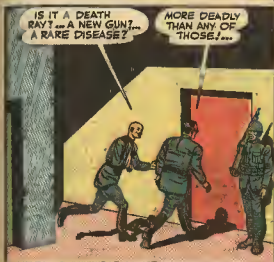
**T**HERE they stand--three men with straight eyes, white skins, faultless accents ... and hearts as rotten as last year's pumpkins! For these are not helpless captives... not white men turned traitors... but Nippon's newest "secret weapon" ... *The SUPER-SPIES OF THE RISING SUN!*











HERE IS WHERE THE THREE DEVELOPED THE PLANS FOR UTTERLY DESTROYING ALL BLACKHAWKS! YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO HEAR THEM!



AT THAT MOMENT, JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

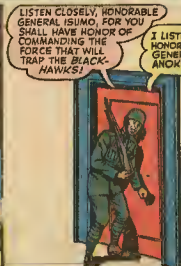


IT IS GREAT RISK--BUT I MUST LEARN THEIR PLANS SO I CAN WARN MIGHTY BLACKHAWKS!



LISTEN CLOSELY, HONORABLE GENERAL ISUMO, FOR YOU SHALL HAVE HONOR OF COMMANDING THE FORCE THAT WILL TRAP THE BLACK-HAWKS!

I LISTEN, HONORABLE GENERAL ANOKIO!



HERE IS THE PLAN THAT CANNOT FAIL... BZZZ-ZZZ ... ZZZ-Z!

BY THE ETERNAL DRAGON!



THERE IS NO TIME FOR CAUTION! I MUST WARN BLACKHAWKS AT ONCE! THEY WOULD NEVER SUSPECT SUCH A TRAP...



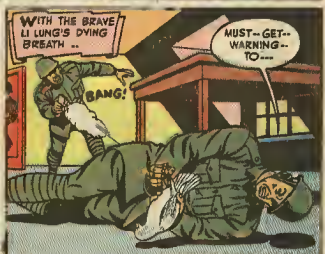
WAIT! I HEARD SOMEONE RUNNING OUTSIDE THE DOOR...



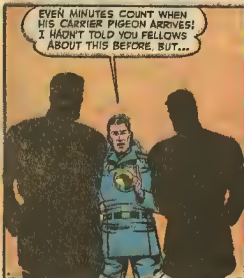
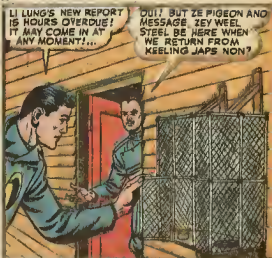
WH...?? THE SENTRY HAS DISAPPEARED!

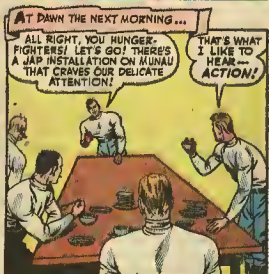
LOOK!... BLOOD!

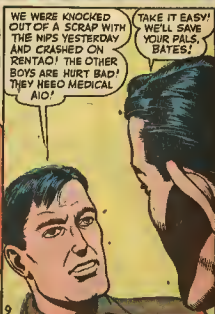
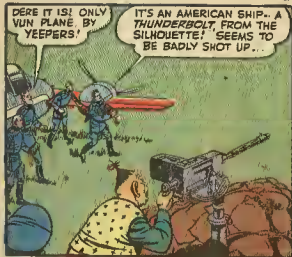




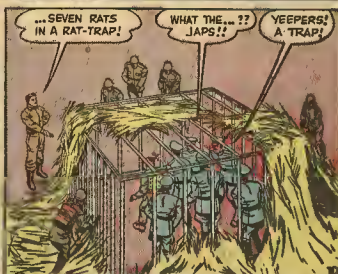
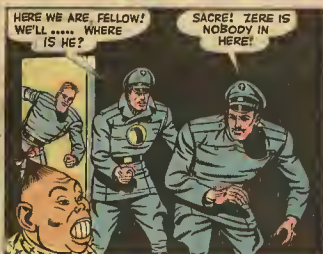
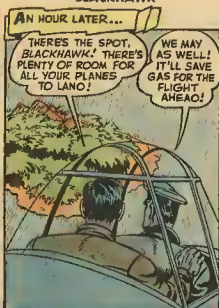


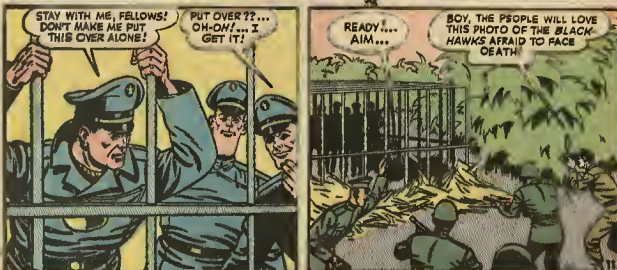
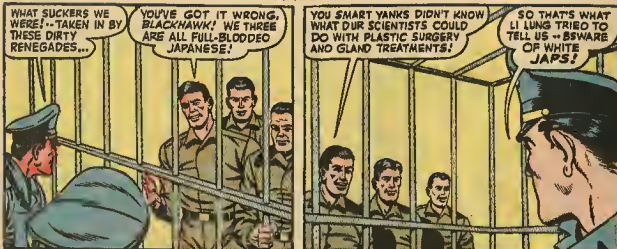


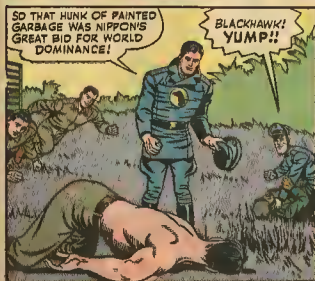
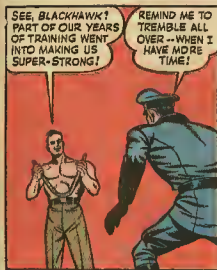
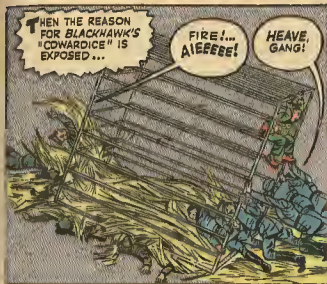




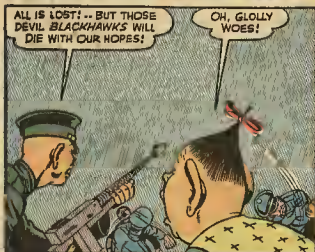








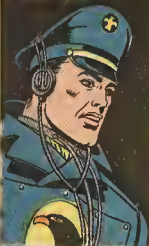






TOKYO? BUT WE HAVE NO HEAVY BOMBS FOR SUCH A RAID!

NEVER MIND! THIS IS STRICTLY A PROPAGANDA MISSION!



NO FEAR, HIRUSHI! THESE ARE OUR MEN RETURNING WITH CAPTURED BLACKHAWK PLANES! THEIR MISSION COULD NOT FAIL!



# The BLACKHAWK MIRACLE

DAVID DOYLE woke in the dawn, with shrill laughter ringing in his ears.

Before he opened his eyes, David Doyle checked the sound off to imagination—probably his fever was back, stirring his blood and fogging his mind. He had come, years ago, to this tiny island of the Southern seas, to die. The doctors had said his health was shattered, his days numbered. True, he'd lived somehow, there in the warm sun with palms and sand and sea—no need of clothes beyond his few old rags, food to be picked from branches of hook-and-of the waves. But he was sick, he had been getting sicker, perhaps this present attack would be the last.

Then he sat up in his palm-leaf shelter. His open eyes must be affected, too. For he saw men, fierce-faced yellow men, on the shore. Beyond them, drawn up on the beach, landing boats, and out to sea a destroyer that flew the Rising Sun flag. It was all very clear for a fever dream.

The yellow men ringed themselves around a figure that stood a whole head above them, a rugged man in a blue uniform, with rumpled black hair and a square-jawed tanned face. On his chest, visible between the criss-crossed ropes that bound him, spread the black emblem of a hawk. One of the laughing crowd thrust a buck-toothed grin close to the captive.

"You wonder why we kept you alive?" David Doyle heard the jeering question. "Because your friends saw us capture you when your plane was shot down, Blackhawk—and they fear to attack us

lest their shots kill you. They think we keep you aboard the destroyer. But now—out of their sight—you are going to die!"

The bound man laughed. His laugh was deep and harsh.

"You Japanese are always saying that I shall die," he replied. "You insist upon it, you swear by your gods and your ancestors And I always live."

"Your luck has run out," the Japanese leader assured him.

The man called Blackhawk grinned wider and harder. "Get a mirror," he taunted. "Take a good look at your face. Because you're going to lose face—plenty—and you may wonder what it looked like."

A snarling Japanese curse rang out, and the leader of the yellow horde struck at the captive. Blackhawk's head ducked quickly, the blow wasted itself on empty air.

"Fasten him to the palm tree yonder," ordered the leader. "I myself will kill him."

Several Japanese wrestled Blackhawk to the tree and lashed him there with additional coils of rope. Their leader drew his sword.

"This is a samurai blade," he announced, and the steel sang as he whirled it around his head. "It is quite new, and to be properly honored it must drink the blood of an enemy. Blackhawk, I shall kill you—slowly. First cut off your hands, then your arms, finally your head."

All this David Doyle saw from his bed under the palm leaves. The rough shelter blended with nearby bushes, and his presence was unsuspected. Now he put out

a thin hand, cautiously burrowed at the rear of the hut, and crept out behind. He had long waited for death, but he did not want to meet it through Japanese torture. Crouching deep among bushes, he listened.

"Honorable captain," another Japanese was saying. "I am a scholar. I read the stars. This foreign devil Blackhawk is fated to die at noon, not dawn. Let him wait, and grow fearful as the hours wear away."

"You believe in stars," said the officer loftily. "I believe in the Emperor and the glory of Japan. I will kill."

Doyle had crept closer among the bushes. He knew who Blackhawk was—the fame of the little band of crack fighters who had so fiercely and so often slapped the legions of the Axis off balance had penetrated even to his remote, seldom-visited island. His decrepit radio had praised the Blackhawks, a passing canoe of natives had chanted songs in their honor. And Doyle, who expected to die any moment, did not feel that rugged, healthy, young Blackhawk should die for years. At least, not at the hands of the yellow tyrants.

He stooped and picked up two fallen cocoanuts. For all his frailty, Doyle could throw straight and hard. As the Japanese officer bore down on the helpless bound Blackhawk, Doyle hurled both nuts in quick succession.

The first struck the fist that held the sword, and the officer dropped it with a shrill yelp—a yelp that died abruptly as the second nut smote his temple and knocked him spinning. There was



a jabber of consternation and the others rushed forward to eluster around their felled commander.

Blackhawk, forgotten for the moment, had acted. The sword had sailed through the air toward him, and one hand, though tethered at the wrist, managed to catch its hilt. Furiously straining, he brought the keen edge across his bonds. They fell away before it, and Blackhawk stood forth free and armed.

The first Japanese to be aware of this yelled a curse and brought up his rifle to fire. Blackhawk did not wait for him to touch the trigger. He sprang in, with a great drawing slash. The rifleman's body, suddenly lacking its head, fell in a heap. Before the others could recover, Blackhawk had thrust a second man through the throat and hewed a third nearly in two. With quick backward leaps he retreated toward the bushes.

"In here, Blackhawk! In here!" called Doyle softly, and Blackhawk plunged into a thicket beside him. The two fell flat, rolled desper into the cover. Doyle led them away, both on all fours, while rifle bullets ripped the leaves where they had been.

"Thanks for saving me," whispered Blackhawk.

"You saved yourself," replied Doyle, panting. "I—I'm not well. The exercise, it's too much for me—doctors told me I'd die if I—"

"Breathe deeply," Blackhawk advised. "Relax and take in all the oxygen you can hold. Who are you?"

Doyle told him. He told, also, of how he had fallen ill, had come here to die. "And my first impulse when I saw the Japs was to hide," he finished. "Yet, I'm doomed anyway. And you—perhaps you'll escape and use your

strength against them—"

"We'll both escape," said Blackhawk. "Climb this rocky bluff behind us."

"I can't," moaned Doyle. "I told you I was sick."

"Climb," bade Blackhawk, and himself pushed Doyle upward to grasp at the veins and ledges of the bluff. A moment later the two were scrambling upward. Yells greeted them. The Japanese saw them. Some shots rang out, but they gained the upper ledge unharmed and lay flat behind a great balanced boulder.

"Dynamite and caps!" cried a Japanese officer, second-in-command to the one who had been knocked out. "We'll get them both!"

"And they will," said Doyle. "Just below us is a cave. Dynamite in that will smash this whole bluff—"

"They said caps for the dynamite," reminded Blackhawk. "If something should hit those caps and set off the dynamite before it gets into the cave—look, here they come below us. Help me push this rock loose and down."

"I say I can't!" Doyle protested.

"I say you can," Blackhawk had risen, crouching into a tense brawny surge of power against the rock. "Push like me. Get your back into it, man. Hard! Hard—"

This exertion would kill him, Doyle felt. But how better to die. He put the thought from him and heaved. The rock stirred, toppled—

It was off the ledge, crashing down. And then he and Blackhawk were flat on the ledges, that heaved and creaked like the deck of a ship while the world-filling thunder of a mighty explosion came up from below.

"It got them!" cried Blackhawk, looking down. "Got them just out-

side the cave!"

"Listen!" said Doyle, and more distant explosions echoed.

Planes were buzzing over the destroyer like angry bees. Bombs were falling. A hit, another, another. The destroyer burst with internal fires, began to sink in shattered chunks. The planes banked in toward the flat sand of the beach.

"Come on, Doyle," said Blackhawk. "Down to the shore. My friends have arrived."

They slid down like two squirrels, and like two deer raced through the brush into the open.

The Blackhawks, out of their planes, fell upon their leader with welcoming whoops in a variety of accents—lean, dashing Andre, sturdy old Hendrickson, huge grinning Olaf, even Chop-Chop the pudgy, jabbering little Chinese. Out to sea was only a mass of wreckage. The only Japanese ashore were dead Japanese, killed by their own dynamite.

"Meet my friend Dennis Doyle," Blackhawk was saying. "He saved me and helped me wipe out this shore party Doyle, you look like a million dollars."

"And I—feel like a million dollars!" cried Doyle. "Blackhawk, the exertions should have killed me. But I—I'm well again! You've cured me by a miracle!"

Blackhawk slapped his shoulder.

"No miracle. You've been getting well, here in the sun and open air, for a long time. But you thought you were sick—and you never forgot that until this adventure. Come back to civilization with us, there are a thousand ways you can help win this war."

They turned toward the planes. Andre started a song, and they all took it up:

"Our enemies show fear  
When'er our names they hear—  
We're BLACKHAWKS!"

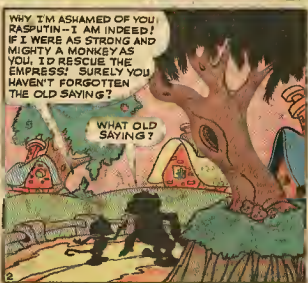
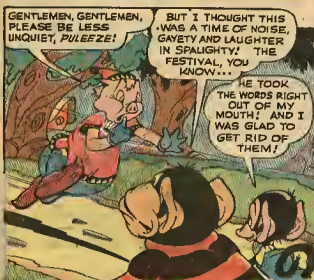
# RASPUTIN and the EXPRESS.

AN EMPRESS BLINDED BY A WICKED GIANT! RASPUTIN TO THE RESCUE, GRIM, DEFIANT... WILL HE SAVE HER, OR WILL HE FAIL? THEREIN LIES THIS MONKEY TALE!

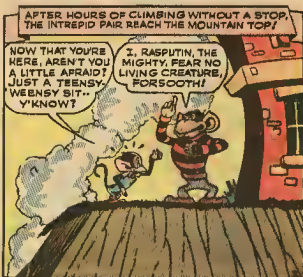
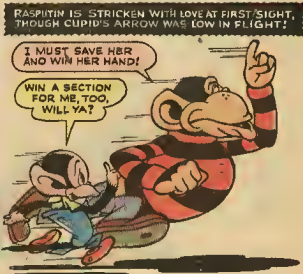
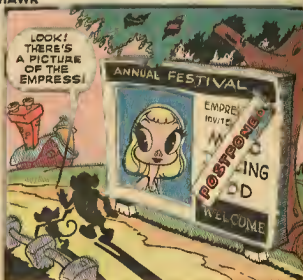
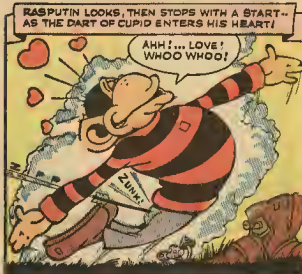
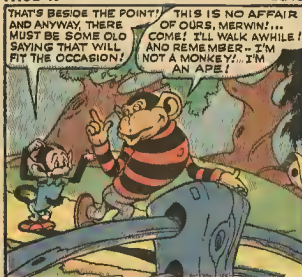


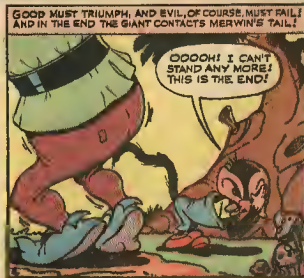
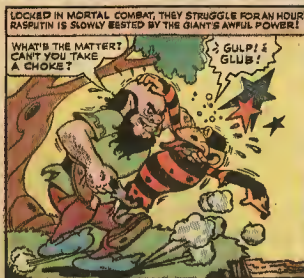
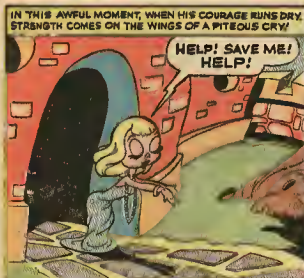
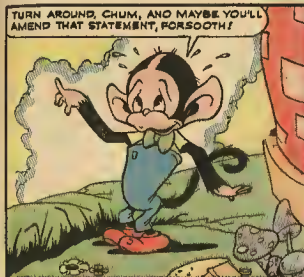
INTRODUCING RASPUTIN, THE MIGHTY, AND MERWIN, THE MOPE, ON THE ROAD TO SPALIGHTY, WITHOUT CROSBY AND HOPE!





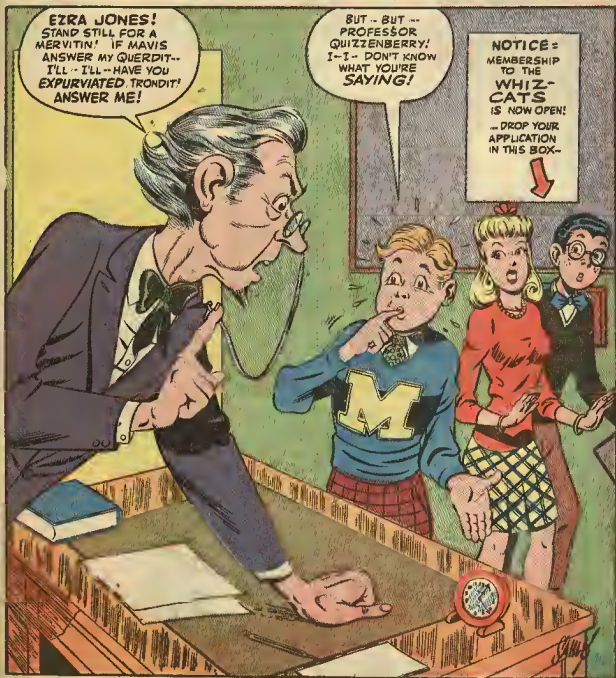




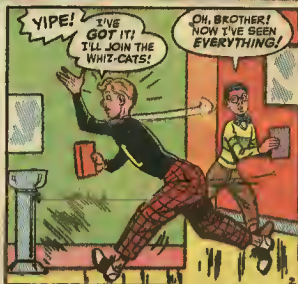
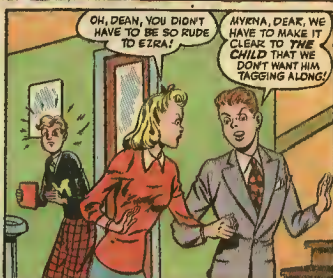
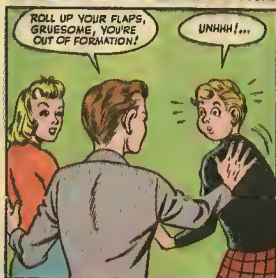
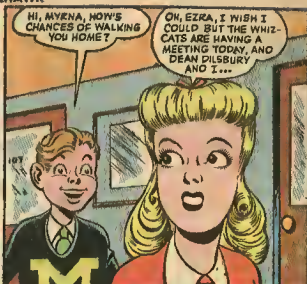
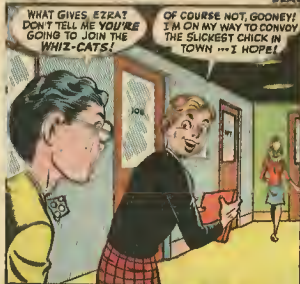




# EZRA

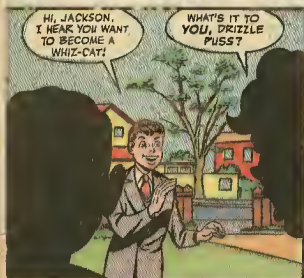




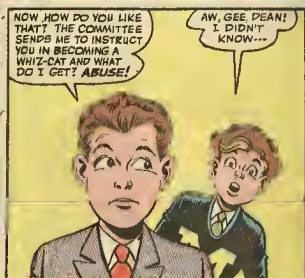




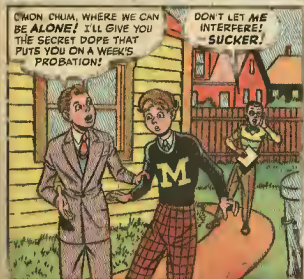
BUT, EZRA--  
YOU'VE NEVER  
WANTED ANY PART  
OF THE WHIZ-CATS  
BEFORE!



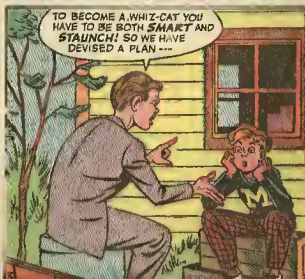
WHAT'S IT TO  
YOU, DRIZZLE  
PUSS?



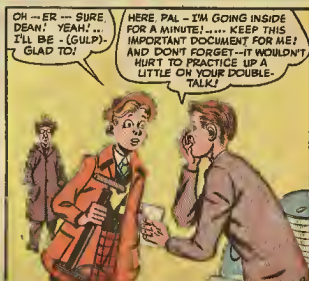
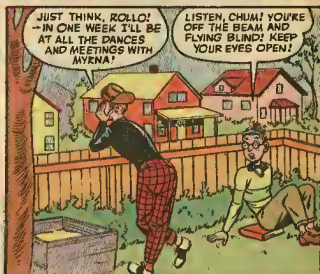
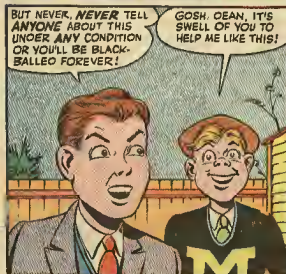
AW, GEE, DEAN!  
I DIDN'T  
KNOW---

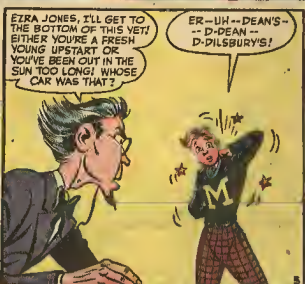
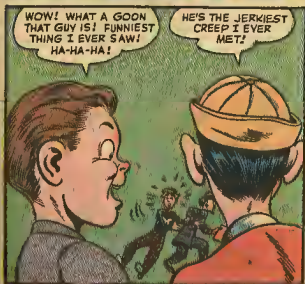
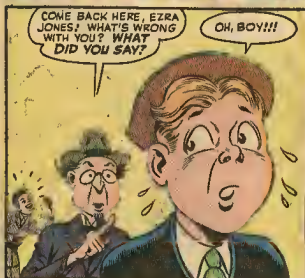
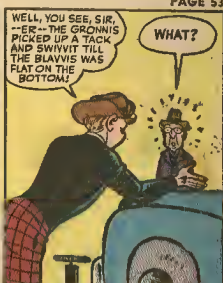
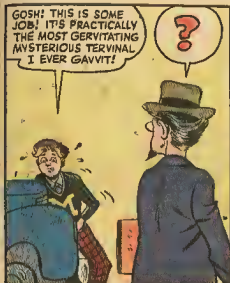


DON'T LET ME  
INTERFERE!  
- SUCKER!

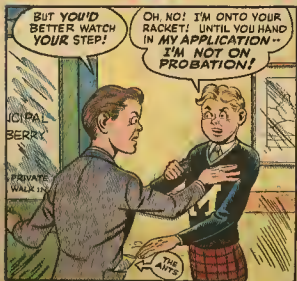
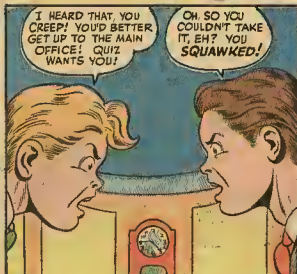
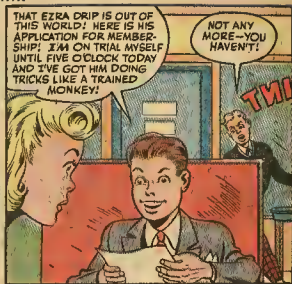
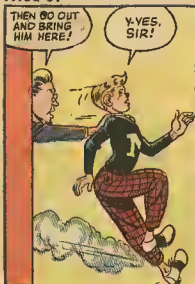


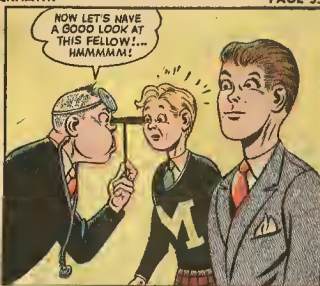
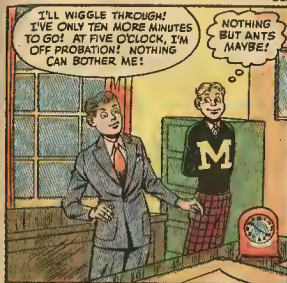
TO BECOME A WHIZ-CAT YOU  
HAVE TO BE BOTH **SMART** AND  
**STAUNCH!** SO WE HAVE  
DEVISED A PLAN ---

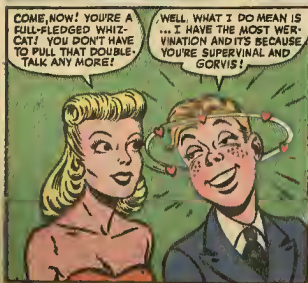
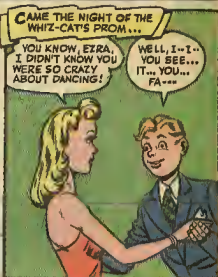
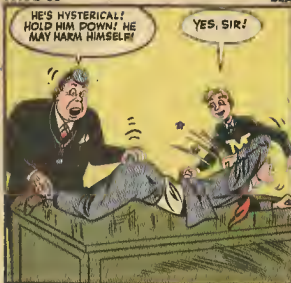












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